THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various,—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 162.

Aimez donc la raison: que tous vos écrits
Empruntent d'elle seule et leur lustre et leur prix.
BOILEAU.

MR. SAUNTER,

IN the course of my inquiry into the various critical opinions of the *Progress of Poesy*, I have been forcibly struck with what I have no doubt has equally presented itself to your observation, the contradictory sentiments they contain; and this reflection has led me to consider criticism itself in a point of view in which it may be useful to place it at the head of this letter. The criticism we exercise on a literary production may be of one or of all the three branches of this pursuit, and which severally belong to knowledge, opinion, and taste. It may respect the language, or the facts; and here we approach mathematical certainty: we can err only through ignorance or through carelessness; and, in proportion as our knowledge is accurate, our judgment must be indisputable. Thus far, then, criticism may speak with an authoritative voice. It is amenable to no charge, but that of ignorance, and, if it be acquitted of this, its decisions must be received for truths. Beyond this boundary, however, it cannot proceed but on a doubtful course. It enters into matters of opinion or of taste. Opinion is the property of every man; and, let the superiority we attribute to our own be as great as it may, it would be folly to impose it as a dogma on the world: we can but controvert and stigmatise the opinions we condemn; we can but publish and defend the opinions we approve.

Questions of taste are still less subject to imperious disposal. Taste depends not only upon our knowledge or our understanding, but on our habits. It is wholly impossible that the same writer should please the taste of all readers. Wherever taste is concerned, we can say nothing really conclusive, except as it regards ourselves. We can only arraign the taste of others and recommend our own. To ascend the judgment-seat, and affect to pronounce sentence, is in the last degree impertinent; nor am I willing to believe that critics have fallen into this error so often as is vulgarly imagined. It is natural to man to regard his own opinions as just, and his own taste as final evidence; but, amid all this, it is still understood that these views respect himself only; and that what he calls truth and excellence are merely what he believes to be truth and excellence.

Let us now consider the species of criticism to which the *Progress of Poesy* has been or may be subjected. We shall find each. In the first and third stanzas, Johnson takes exceptions of a nature purely literary; in the sixth, his quarrel is with one of the facts: these be-

long to the first species. In the fifth stanza it is the sentiments that he contests: here is the second species. His remaining objections belong exclusively to taste.

But, before we examine the particular beauties or imperfections of this ode, a sound critic will consider it as whole. What shall we say of the complete poem? What is its effect upon the mind? What is its subject, and how is that subject treated? What pleasure does it afford? What truths does it teach? These are comprehensive questions, which our minuter researches may tend to keep out of sight.

The title of the ode is objectionable; for the *progress* of poesy is only a part of the argument. It is *Poesy* itself that is sung. In the first ternary, we hear of its attributes; in the second, of its influence and universal prevalence, and, at length, of its *progress*. But, of what progress? Its progress from Greece to England. In the third, the argument is its progress in England, from Shakespeare to Gray.

As to the general character of the ode, we may receive without hesitation a part of the sentiments of Mr. Wakefield:

'These two *Pindaric Odes* of Mr. Gray have a much greater resemblance to the odes of the Theban bard than any thing [else] of the kind in our own, and probably in any other language. Wildness of thought and irregularity of verse had usually been esteemed the only way to resemble Pindar. The characteristic excellences of Pindar's poetry are sublimity of conception, boldness of metaphor, dignity of style, rapidity of composition, and magnificence of phraseology. If a fair judgment can be formed upon those few specimens which the desolations of time have spared, in grandeur of imagery and regularity of thought, he is surpassed by Mr. Gray; as, on the other hand, *he* may justly claim a superiority from the moral dignity of his compositions.'

But, ought we to adopt as readily the whole of the language with which Mr. W. concludes this eulogy?

'These sublime and elaborate productions of genius chastised by learning, and of learning invigorated by genius, are from their nature by no means calculated to please the generality of readers, especially upon a slight acquaintance. A frequent and diligent contemplation of them is necessary to an adequate perception of their beauties; and, perhaps, no small tincture of that erudition which enabled their author to produce them. Indeed, that spirit of lyrical inspiration, which they breathe—that divine glow of pathos, which at the same time melts and inflames the reader—cannot operate with their full effect but on a congenial soul, attuned to the bold vibrations of enthusiastic poesy. The motto justly proclaims—

> Φωναντα συνετοισιν· ες
> Δε το παν ερμηνεων χατιζει.
>
> To wisdom's ear 'tis sense and sweetness all;
> Darkness and dissonance to vulgar minds.

'He who can continue, amidst the blaze of splendor that bursts around him—amidst the torrent of sublimity that pours along—sedately speculating upon petty blemishes, is certainly a stranger to those sensations which animated Pindar and Mr. Gray; and deserves for the punishment of his malice that poetical curse denounced by the pathetic Collins upon all those which could reflect on the author of the *Seasons* without emotions of benevolence and concern:

> "With him, sweet bard! may Fancy die,
> "And Joy desert the blooming year!"

I take it for granted, that the *Progress of Poesy* is a very noble and exquisite poem. It could not otherwise have excited so severe a criticism from Johnson. It could not otherwise have found so numerous and so zealous defenders. It must either be a production of much more than common value, or I am obtruding on your attention, Mr. Saunter, a most idle topic of discussion. But, because this ode is entitled to every esteem, does it follow that it can have no blemishes, or that those blemishes ought to be forgotten amid our rapture? Shall we nurse in ourselves a spirit of gaping, indiscriminate

admiration? Shall we draw no line between beauties and defects? Shall we ask only to be dazzled? Shall we not forewarn those who would take the works of genius for models, that there are parts of them which are not to be counted among their recommendations?

Some limitation, too, should be made with respect to the force of the remarks of Mr. Wakefield, that a frequent and diligent contemplation of this ode is necessary to an adequate perception of its beauties, and, perhaps, no small tincture of that erudition which enabled its author to produce it.

There are two ways in which a writer may employ learning; he may use it, and he may abuse it. 'By the common sense of readers uncorrupted with literary prejudices,' says Johnson, at the conclusion of his *Life of Gray*, 'by the common sense of readers uncorrupted with literary prejudices, after all the refinements of subtlety and all the dogmatism of learning, must be finally decided all claim to poetical honours.' To a man of Mr W's complexion, reading, and memory, abundant pleasure might be afforded by a work which none other could endure. Such a one is thrown into extasy by a line in which some favourite author is imitated. He always prefers imitation to originality. There can be no doubt of this; it is a disposition that is found in the lovers of all the arts. Next to imitation is resemblance; and here, the fainter the resemblance, the greater the pleasure in discovering it. There is scarcely a line, a phrase, or an epithet, in the Progress of Poesy, of which Mr. W. does not fancy he finds the original, or which, at the least, he does not recollect to have met with a dozen times before. Thus—

Clos'd his eyes in endless night,

reminds him of Spenser's

Sate in eternal night,

of which the resemblance, if there be any, does not appear to be destroyed in his eyes by the consideration, that *eternal* and *endless* have here very different significations. The original and general merits of a work can be of little importance to the mind which, fixing on perhaps a trivial word, is led by it through all the treasures of literature, and presently finds itself basking in some new and foreign region of delight. In all this there is unutterable luxury; but criticism is out of the question.

I must explain myself somewhat further concerning the employment of learning. Learning supplies us with images, facts, arguments, allusions, and perhaps with other weapons and graces. That a learned writer may take every possible advantage of these, and that he may be content to have his compositions understood only by those who have 'no small tincture of that erudition which enabled their author to produce them,' is both allowable and rational; but, through a defect in judgment, through an unfortunate pre-occupation of mind, he may do something very different from this, and something which none but those who are 'corrupted with literary prejudices' will applaud or relish. He may fall into pretended illustrations of which the real effect is to darken his discourse. He may use images which presented vivid ideas to the nation or age in which they were current, but which, to his contemporaries and fellow-countrymen may be without meaning, or have a meaning totally opposite to that in which the learned writer employs them. All nations and ages have had their peculiar images. It is because they have perished or grown obscure, that we are continually bewildered in our translations; and yet these translations may be introduced, falsely made, and misapplied.

I must dwell no longer on this question, how fruitful and how useful soever, but confine myself, through the remainder of my letter, to the ode, disincumbered, as I now mean to take it, of all extraneous considerations. I have already expressed my sentiments of the first stanza. In the first two verses, the poet invokes the lyre, and then bursts immediately into his subject, extolling the variety of the Muse.

The second stanza, describing the 'power of harmony to calm the turbulent sallies of the soul,' commences with extraordinary beauty:

O sovereign of the willing soul,
Parent of soft and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell, the sullen Cares,
And frantic Passions bear thy soft control!

But is Johnson wholly in the wrong when he betrays discontent with the lines which follow this charming quatrain? He expresses himself, no doubt, with peevishness; but are we prepared to say that there is nothing faulty in the introduction of 'Mars's car and Jove's eagle?' I am of opinion that if the whole ode had equalled the lines above transcribed, it would have been 'in vain to blame, and useless to praise.' I should at this moment be no more employed in defending the *Progress of Poesy* than the *Ode on the Passions;* every reader would have admired it; but, when the poet comes to illustrate his position, his images, though derived from Pindar, have little in them to gratify the unprejudiced mind, and nothing to recommend them to the 'common sense' of common readers. Who is the more deeply convinced of the 'power of harmony to calm the turbulent sallies of the soul,' by the images that follow?

On Thracia's hills the lord of war
Has curb'd the fury of his car,
And dropp'd his thirsty lance, at thy command.
Perching on the sceptred hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king;
With ruffled plume, and flagging wing,
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber, lie
The terror of his beak, and lightning of his eye.

The third stanza is exceedingly beautiful, and deserves the encomium bestowed on it in one of the notes appended to Mason's edition:

'Slow melting strains their queen's approach declare.

'This and the five flowing lines which follow are sweetly introduced by the short and unequal measures that precede them: the whole stanza is indeed a master-piece of rythm, and charms the ear by its well-varied cadence, as much as the imagery which it contains ravishes the fancy. 'There is,' says our author, in one of his manuscript papers, 'a *tout-ensemble* of sound as well as of sense in poetical composition, always necessary to its perfection. What is gone before still dwells upon the ear, and insensibly harmonises with the present line, as in that succession of fleeting notes which is called Melody.' Nothing can better exemplify the truth of this fine observation than his own poetry:

Thee the voice, the dance obey:
Temper'd to thy warbled lay,
O'er Idalia's velvet-green
The rosy-crowned Loves are seen,
On Cytherea's day,
With antic Sports and blue-ey'd Pleasures,
Frisking light, in frolic measures.

Mr. Wakefield observes, 'The former part of this epode is all sprightliness and gaiety, beautifully correspondent to the ideas, and forms a happy contrast with the dignity and solemnity of the conclusion.'—It may, indeed, be said of the verse itself,—

Frisking light, in frolic measures.

On the epithet *velvet* Mr. Wakefield has a judicious note:

'Idalia's *velvet-green* has something of cant. An epithet or metaphor drawn from nature ennobles art; an epithet or metaphor drawn from art degrades nature.' This is only true when the application of such metaphor is inadequate or unjust. And the business of epithets and metaphors is *illustration* as well as *ornament*. I should entertain a very mean opinion of his taste and judgment who could find fault with the following admirable comparison: "Dryden's page is a natural field, rising into irregularities, and diversified by the varied exuberance of abundant vegetation; Pope's is a VELVET LAWN, shaven by the scythe and levelled by the roller." —Dr. Johnson's comparison between Dryden and Pope.

In the second ternary, as I have already observed, the poet considers the Muse in her more serious character: he represents her as universally influencing and universally blessing mankind. I cannot place the first stanza among the beauties of the ode. That it has great solemnity and magnificence of thought, diction, and measure, I sensibly feel; but I cannot think that the poet has so

handled his argument as to make any impression on the heart. He places in most formidable array the miseries of human life. He then proposes to disprove the complaint. Does he make any attempt to *disprove* it? Certainly not. But, admitting that, though we might show his language to be incorrect, it is yet easy to conceive his idea; admitting that it is obvious he meant, not to *disprove* the complaint, but to set forth what the 'laws of Jove' afford to countervail the afflictions of our race; I ask, even with this admission, how he has succeeded?

Man's feeble race what ills await!
Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,
Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate!

So melancholy, so deeply melancholy, is the picture. 'The fond complaint,' the poet then exclaims,

——my song! disprove,
And justify the laws of Jove!

and what follows?

Say, has he given in vain the heav'nly Muse?
Night, and all her sickly dews,
Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
He gives to range the dreary sky,
Till, down the eastern cliffs afar,
Hyperion's march they spy, and glitt'ring shafts of war.

Does any reader perceive the unreasonableness of his 'fond complaints,' upon his being reminded of the 'heavenly Muse.' Heavenly she assuredly is, and all-beneficent to mankind. Considered as the source of all our knowledge, and of so many of our enjoyments, she may well be represented as an alleviation of our real, and as a remover of the imaginary, ills of life; but the picture is unskilfully drawn. It may be true, but it is not conciliating. It wins no man's assent.—And does the illustration assist the understanding? 'Of the second ternary of stanzas,' says Johnson, 'the first endeavours to tell something, and would have told it, had it not been crossed by Hyperion.' Upon further reflection, I find in this remark, as in many others of this writer, more ill-humour in the language than injustice in the sentence. It is not to Hyperion only, but to the whole image that he objects, and with great reason. This is one of those passages that

Play round the head, but never touch the heart;

It would be difficult to make the 'common sense' of readers conceive the connection between the proposition and the illustration; but their ears will always be amused by the flow of the verse, and the brilliance and grandeur of the diction. Mr. W. finds the thought in two passages of Milton:

So when the sun, in bed
Curtain'd with cloudy red,
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave;
The flocking shadows pale
Troop to the infernal jail;
Each fetter'd ghost slips to his sev'ral grave,
And the yellow-skirted Fayes
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-lov'd maze.

The above is from the *Hymn* on the *Nativity*: the second passage adduced by Mr. Wakefield occurs in *Paradise Regained*.

Another critic finds the original of the verse, Hyperion's march, &c. in the following of Euripides:

Εφοισιν ομοια· φλεγεθων
Βολαις αελιε.

Of the second and third stanzas I am a warm admirer. The historical facts and deductions in the latter are not exhibited in the most accurate manner, but the poet is not wholly in the wrong. Perhaps he might more justly have said that the Muses 'scorn Tyrant-power,' than that they

——scorn the *pomp of* Tyrant-pow'r.

The first stanza of the third ternary has always appeared to me exquisitely beautiful. Mr. W. thinks the personification of Nature too august for the occasion. I should have agreed with him if the "Mighty Mother" had only given the pencil

whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year;

but I am of a different opinion when I hear her bestow the Keys:

Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy!
This can unlock the gates of Joy,
Of Horror this, and thrilling Fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic Tears.

After all that has been said in favour of the account of Milton's blindness, and in spite of the magnificence of the language in which it is delivered, I can see it in no other light than as a blemish. It is a concetto, and therefore unworthy of the *Progress of Poesy*. All the laws of criticism forbid us to consider the fictions of Shakespeare and of Milton as of similar natures.

Dryden I think very nobly characterised. It appears to me that there is a peculiar, though possibly accidental, beauty in the figure of the car and two coursers, borne over the field of glory, in a *Pindaric* ode. It seems suggested to the poet by the scene of the Olympic Games.

It is not necessary for me to speak of the beauty of the lines which open the concluding stanza. The merits of this part of the poem are not to be described, and can only be truly estimated by the sensibility of the reader. What delicacy and what fervor are there not in the question—

> O Lyre divine! what daring spirit
> Wakes thee now?

Gray had previously addressed the lyre—

> Awake, Æolian Lyre, awake,
> And give to rapture all its trembling strings!

This no doubt is a fine opening; it is what an opening should be; but, to what a height of enthusiasm is not the the poet wrought at the conclusion, when, disdaining all the ornaments of direction, he asks,

> O Lyre divine! what daring spirit
> Wakes thee now!

and how finely is the question supported by the reply!

> Though he inherit
> Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
> That the Theban eagle bear,
> Sailing, with supreme dominion,
> Through the azure deep of air;
> Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
> Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray,
> With orient hues, unborrow'd of the sun;
> Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
> Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
> Beneath the Good how far—but far above the Great!

is impossible not to remark the exquisite effect produced by the short syllables, *spirit*, *inherit*, *pinion*, *dominion*: Mr. Gray has elsewhere spoken of a *person* by the name of *spirit*:

> Some kindred *spirit* shall enquire thy fate:

The final verses of this ode are extraordinarily noble:

> Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
> Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
> Beneath the good how low—but far above the great.

I understand the sentiments contained in the last line are the same as that of Pope:

> A Wit's a feather, and a Chief's a rod;
> An Honest Man's the noblest work of God.

The poet exults in the future glory of his lyre; he shall mount and keep his way, *distant* from a vulgar fate; but, in the midst of his triumph, he remembers that goodness is above genius. On the other hand, he sets genius above prosperity:

> Beneath the Good how low—but far above Great.

There is a passage in Dr. Beattie's *Minstrel* which will elucidate the latter of these ideas:

> Then grieve not thou to whom th' indulgent Muse
> Vouchsafes a portion of celestial fire;
> Nor blame the partial Fates if they refuse
> Th' imperial banquet and the rich attire:
> Know thine own worth, and reverence the lyre.
> Wilt thou debase the heart which God refin'd?
> No; let the Heaven-taught soul to Heaven aspire;
> To Freedom, Fancy, Harmony, resign'd,
> Ambition's grov'ling crew for ever leave behind.

After what I have said, it is almost unnecessary that I should conclude by stating my opinion, that the *Progress of Poetry* is a poem of transcendent merit, but, at the same time, disfigured by some blemishes. Johnson has multiplied the number of these, and left its real ones unaccompanied by those praises which impartial criticism should have bestowed. Wakefield and others have adopted too unvaried a tone of panegyric.

STATERUS.

ORIGINAL BIOGRAPHY OF ANACREON.

Written by CNEIUS CRITO, and translated from the original by SEDLEY.

[*Concluded.*]

CHAP. III.

After I had recovered from the inebriation of the night, I went to the temple of Juno, where they were performing religious rites. This is one of the most ancient Temples in Greece, and is magnificently decorated by the taste of the painter and the skill of the statuary. Among other monuments of art, it contains a statue of the tutelary goddess, executed by the celebrated Smilis Æginetes, the son of Euclid, and contemporary with Dœdalus.* There is also a representation of Fortune, grasping a horn of Amalthea, and a little Cupid is fluttering its wings over her. This appeared to me to indicate, that we owe more to Fortune than to personal merit, in our courtships. Pindar ranks Fortune among the Fates, and attributes more power to her than to her sisters. These, with a statue of Pemenus, the son of Pelasgus, by whom Juno was educated, are the most worthy of notice. This preceptor dedicated three temples to the triple name of the goddess. While she was a virgin, he called her PAIS, or a *Girl:* after her marriage with Jupiter, TELEIA, or *Perfect;* and when she was divorced from him and returned to Stymphalus, CHERA, or *Desolate.*

I left the temple and bent my steps towards a certain hill, where Anacreon was fond of walking in the after part of the day, because the poet Musæus sang there and was buried on the hill, when he had been worn out by age. In passing the academy, I saw him at the altar of Prometheus, viewing the persons who were preparing to celebrate the games in honour of this Divinity.† In a short time, they all started to run to the city, with burning lamps, which is the manner of celebrating these games. Several lamps were extinguished by the velocity of the persons who carried them. Only one arrived at the city with his flame unextinguished, and he, according to the custom, was proclaimed victor in the race, and received the prize. Anacreon explained to me the meaning of this ceremony.

"To Prometheus is confided the descent of our rational souls; and fire, from its tendency upwards, is an emblem of a rational soul. As a burning lamp, therefore, may be considered a very proper image of our rational part, this custom of the Athenians, of running from the altar of Prometheus to the city, with burning lamps, in which he alone is victorious whose lamp remains unextinguished in the race, is intended to signify, that he is the true conqueror in the race of life whose rational part is not extinguished, or, in other words, does not become dormant in the career."

We then wandered about the Academus, and viewed the altars erected to the Muses, to Minerva, Hercules, Mercury, &c.; after which we went to the sepulchre of Plato, which is at no great distance. It is related of Plato, that his arrival at the summit of philosophy was indicated by a divine omen; for Socrates, in the night before that day on which Plato became his disciple, saw, in a dream, a swan fly to his bosom. The soul of Plato being descended from Apollo, to whom the swan is sacred, this bird obviously signified Plato, in the vision of his preceptor.

The sight of this monument excited reflections not altogether pleasant. Notwithstanding the continual round of pleasure in which I had been engaged, the prejudices of education were not entirely eradicated from my mind. I recollected that the great philosopher, whose tomb we were now contemplating, had been, in the early part of his life, zealously attached to the pleasures of poetry, and had written many tragedies and poems, which had passed the ordeal of Athenian taste with distinguished applause. At a very youthful period, his soul was won by the wisdom of Socrates; and, after a slight struggle, he resigned the worship of the Muses for the arid disquisitions of morality. I

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* Crito is corroborated by Pausanias.

† See chap. 30.

ventured to express my uneasiness to Anacreon.

"Is this," said he, "the enthusiasm you pretended to feel? Has the sight of a mouldering tomb such magical influence as to damp the ardour of your soul, and revive the abstruse speculations of the Academus?" I confessed that I could not avoid some degree of irresolution, when I compared the eminence of the teachers of the schools with that of the followers of Apollo. It is also certain, I continued, that we are placed here for some purpose, and that we should so occupy our minds as to be useful to others, and prevent a retrospect from being painful to ourselves. This is the doctrine that Socrates taught and Plato approved. Their followers are numerous, and how shall I venture to put my inexperience in opposition to their advice?

"Ah, my dear Crito," resumed Anacreon, "I see you are yet a novice. I see you have yet to learn the grand maxim, that the end of our being is to pursue our own felicity. Free your mind from the solicitude of anxiety. Let your pleasures be innocent and innoxious, and the Gods will look on your actions with approbation. I have, at times, been troubled with reflections similar to yours;—I remembered the advice of the Athenian Bee; and I will now give you my sentiments on this subject, and at the same time evince my respect for his memory, by an offering to his manes."

He then, after a short deliberation, inscribed the following ode:

ON THE TOMB OF PLATO.

I know that Heav'n ordains me here,
To run this mortal life's career;
The scenes which I have journied o'er,
Return no more—alas! no more!
And all the path I've yet to go,
I neither know nor ask to know.
Then surely, Care, thou canst not twine
Thy fetters round a soul like mine:
No, no! the heart that feels with me
Can never be a slave to thee!

After he had finished it, we left the place. Anacreon acknowledged that he did not suppose Plato would have uttered precisely the conclusion of this ode, but he would have allowed some other sort of relaxation; "and we only differ as to what is pleasure. I have no doubt but that you will give me full credit for the practice of my life, when I tell you I think with Plato, that *it is always proper to believe in ancient and sacred discourses which announce to us that the soul is immortal, and that it has judges of its conduct, and suffers the greatest torments when it is liberated from the body.*"*

We had some further conversation on this interesting subject, which is indelibly impressed on my mind. In returning to our home, we agreed to visit the Odeum, and see the preparations for the festivals of Bacchus, which were now to be celebrated there. In passing through one of the bowers in the place called *The Gardens*, we found an Athenian maid sleeping. It was Euryhyle, the beauteous daughter of Soros, one of the Five Hundred. The heat of the sun was on that day remarkably oppressive, but this was a retirement which the chaste Diana could have loved, when wearied by the fatigues of the chase. It seemed to be the only spot which the rude rays of the sun could not visit. The zephyrs mildly fanned the overshadowing foliage, and the lotus and the rose diffused the sweetest fragrance. The mind was gently lulled to repose by the soft gurgling of the fountain Enneacrunos, which was so called because it had recently been made to discharge water from nine pipes, by Pisistratus.† Such was the scene, and

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* That Plato believed in the immortality of the soul is evident from his Phædrus, the tenth book of his Republic, and his seventh Epistle, from which Anacreon's quotation is taken. *His* submission to this doctrine evinces the consciousness of purity in which he lived.

† The description of this bower is so natural and animated, that we cannot help feeling a degree of coolness and freshness while we read it. Longepierre has quoted from the first book of the Anthologia, the following epigram, as somewhat resembling this ode:

Come, sit by the shadowy pine
That covers my sylvan retreat;
And see how the branches incline
The breathing of Zephyr to meet.

the nymph who now occupied it made all its beauties still more delightful. Her head reclined on her arm, and her hand, bent loosely, held some tablets in which she had been transcribing one of the plaintive elegies of Orpheus on the supposed death of Proserpine. Anacreon was enraptured. He paused and eagerly gazed on the delicate vermilion which the stillness of slumber had left fitfully playing on her cheek and the transparency of the skin—so exquisite that her eyelids almost disclosed the humid blue which the envy of Morpheus endeavoured to conceal. Conscious of the impropriety of thus violating the sanctity of her retirement, I hurried Anacreon away. But he quickly returned.—Like the careless warbler of the grove, he could not resist the fascinating lure. He was, however, prevailed upon, by my intreaties, to leave the bower: but not until he had left a memorial to shew how the slumbers of the maid had been worshipped. He stole the unfinished tablets from her hand, and wrote an address

To a slumbering Beauty.

Here recline you, gentle maid,
Sweet is this embow'ring shade;
Sweet the young, the modest trees,
Ruffled by the kissing breeze;
Sweet the little founts that weep,
Lulling bland the mind to sleep;
Hark! they whisper, as they roll,
Calm persuasion to the soul;
Tell me, tell me, is not this
All a stilly scene of bliss?
Who, my girl, would pass it by?
Surely neither you nor I! *

See the fountain that, flowing, diffuses
Around me a glittering spray!
By its brink, as the traveller muses,
I soothe him to sleep with my lay!

* *Who, my girl, would pass it by?*

Surely neither you nor I!] What a finish he gives to the picture by the simple exclamation of the original! In these delicate turns he is inimitable; and yet, hear what a French translator says on the passage: "This conclusion appeared to me too trifling after such a description, and I thought proper to add somewhat to the strength of the original."

For the Port Folio.

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF LOGAN.

[*Continued.*]

The failure of his scheme of giving lectures, and the prohibition of his play, made a deep impression on his spirits, which had always been unequal, and had a considerable effect on his health, which from this time began visibly to decline. The pensive melancholy, which he felt in common with men of genius and feeling, aggravated, perhaps, by a constitutional defect in his nervous system, that inexplicable part of our frame, now became in some degree habitual, and discovered itself in deviations from the modes of the world, and violations of professional decorum, which offended his parishioners, and made it eligible for him to discontinue the exercise of his clerical function.

An agreement to that purpose was completed between him and the Kirk-Session and Incorporations of South Leith, in 1786; in consequence of which Mr. Dickson was appointed his assistant and successor; and he retired upon a moderate annuity.

While this scheme was ripening, he went to London, in October 1785, and was for some time concerned in the "English Review."

In 1788, he published, without his name, a pamphlet intituled *A Review of the Principal Charges against Mr. Hastings*, 8vo, which attracted the public attention in an uncommon degree. Some passages in it, reflecting on the conduct of the managers of the prosecution, being considered by the House of Commons as an infringement on their privileges, the Attorney-General was ordered to prosecute the publisher, Mr. Stockdale, who was tried 9th December 1789, and acquitted.

This was the last publication which he gave to the world. After a lingering indisposition, he died in London, the 28th of December 1788, in the 40th year of his age.

In 1790, a volume of *Sermons*, selected from his MSS, was published at Edinburgh, in 8vo, under the superintendance of Dr. Blair, Dr. Robertson, and Dr. Hardy, Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the university. A second volume was published in 8vo, 1791, and his MSS. in the possession of Dr. Robertson, would furnish an additional volume. The third edition of the two volumes was printed in 1793.

The following list of his unpublished works, and uncollected pieces, was communicated to the present writer, in a letter from Dr. Robertson dated Dalmeny, Sept. 19. 1795.

"Those in verse consist of *Electra*, a tragedy; the *Wedding Day*, a tragedy, being a translation into blank verse of the *Deserteur* of Mercier; the *Carthagenian Heroine*, a tragedy, but of which there is only the first act finished; and about a half-a-dozen of shortlyric

poems. Those in prose consist of eight numbers of an intended periodical paper, called the *Guardian*. The subject of one of the numbers is a capital essay on the genius and writings of Addison. Besides these, I have also in my possession Mr. Logan's MS. *Lectures on Roman History*, about twenty-five in number, with six or seven introductory ones to his Course of Lectures on universal History. His Lectures on Roman History begin with Romulus, and come down to the fall of the empire, and the establishment of the feudal system.

"In the small volume of poems published under the title of "Poems by Michael Bruce," the following were composed by Mr. Logan: *Damon*, *Menalcas*, and *Melibœus; Pastoral Song*, to the tune of the "Yellow-Hair'd Laddie;" *Eclogue* in the manner of Ossian; *Ode to a Fountain;* two *Danish Odes; Chorus* of "Anacreontic to a Wasp;" the tale of *Levina* (278 lines), in the poem of "Lochleven;" *Ode to Paoli; Ode to the Cuckoo.*"

It is of importance to the reputation of Bruce, to subjoin the following account of his share in the volume of poems published under his name, given by his friend Mr. David Pearson, in a letter to the present writer, dated, Little Balgedie, near Kinnesswood, Aug. 29, 1795.

I need not inform you concerning the bad treatment that his [Bruce's] poems met with from the Rev. Mr. Logan, when he received from his father the whole of his manuscripts, published only his own pleasure, and kept back those poems that his friends would most gladly have embraced; and since published many of them in his own name. The *Cuckoo* and the *Hymns* in the end of Logan's book are assuredly Mr. Bruce's productions."

The facts stated in Mr. Pearson's letter are more circumstantially related in the following extract of a letter to the present writer, from Mr. John Birrel, dated Kinnesswood, Aug. 31, 1795. The veneration with which this worthy and intelligent man regards the memory of Bruce, and the enthusiasm with which he cultivates his favourite studies, are only less meritorious than his benevolent exertions to relieve the necessities, and soothe the afflictions of his aged mother, which afford an example worthy the imitation of persons of superior rank and education.

"Some time before the poet's father died, he delivered the book containing the first draught of some of Michael's poems, his sermons, and other papers, into my hand, desiring I would keep them, saying, "I know of none to whom I would rather give them than you, for you mind me more of my Michael than any body;" a compliment which I never deserved, and which in modesty I should conceal. Some years after I entered upon terms with Mr. Morison of Perth, to sell the MSS. for the benefit of auld Annie [the poet's mother], who was in very destitute circumstances. But, in the mean time, Dr. Baird wrote for them, with a view to republish Michael's poems, with any others that could be procured of his. I sent them to him gladly, hoping soon to see the whole in print, and the old woman decently provided for in consequence. The finished book of Michael's poems was given to Mr. Logan, who never returned them. Many a time, with tears trickling down his cheeks, has old Alexander told me how much he was disappointed in Logan, who came unexpectedly and got all the papers, letters, and the books away, without giving him time to take a note of the titles, or getting a receipt for the papers, &c. After the publication, he went over to Edinburgh to recover them. Mr. Logan desired him to call again, and they would be ready. He did so; but he was gone out, and no message left. He saw Mr. Logan in the street, who told him that he had left the poems with the servants, but that, as he did not get them, he was afraid the servants had taken them, and singed fowls with them.—David Pearson," he adds in another place, "does not remember of seeing the *Ode to the Fountain*, *The Vernal Ode*, *Ode to Paoli*, *Chorus of Elysian Bards*, or the *Danish Odes*, until he saw them in print. But the rest of the publication he decidedly ascribes to Michael, and in a most particular manner the *Cuckoo*, *Salgar* and *Morna*, and the other *Eclogue*."

Such are the facts which the present writer esteems it a part of his duty to state, as they have been communicated to him by the respective friends of Logan and Bruce. He shall not intrude upon the admirers of these two poets any opinion of his own concerning the claims of their respective friends, since his only intention is to enable them, from a consideration of the facts, to form their own conclusions; leaving them still open to the impression of any additional or more satisfactory evidence that may hereafter arise.

It must not be concealed, that an unauthorised report is wandering about in the literary circles of Edinburgh, which ascribes the first sketch of the *Ode to the Cuckoo* to Bruce, and the composition, as it now stands, to Logan, who, it is said, improved and embellished it so much, as to make it in a great measure his own. On the other hand, his cousin Mrs. Hutchison, wife of Mr. John Hutchison, merchant in Edinburgh, informs the present writer that she saw the *Ode* in Logan's hand-writing before it was printed. If the testimonies of Dr. Robertson and Mrs. Hutchison went the length of establishing the existence of the *Ode* in Logan's hand-writing in Bruce's lifetime, or before his MSS. came into Logan's possession, they might be considered as decisive of the controversy. The suppression of Bruce's MSS. it must be owned, is a circumstance unfavourable to the pretensions of Logan.

No new edition of his *Poems* has been called for since his death. They are now, reprinted from the edition 1782, received for the first time into a collection of classical English poetry. In this edition the present writer has not ventured, upon the authority of Dr. Robertson, to give him the pieces ascribed to him in Bruce's "Poems," which he did not think proper to claim himself; neither has he presumed, upon the authority of Mr. Pearson, to deprive him of the *Ode to the Cuckoo*, to which he has put his name. In justice to both poets, he has followed the collection of their poems, printed under their respective names, in the present edition, distinguishing the pieces which have been claimed for the one or the other by their respective friends.

[*To be continued.*]

For the Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

[The following arch description, written in character, is by GOLDSMITH, though not inserted in any collection of his works, published during his life-time. The polite reader will immediately perceive from the gaiety and elegant simplicity of the style that it is genuine.]

AS I see you are fond of gallantry, and seem willing to set young people together as soon as you can, I cannot help lending my assistance to your endeavours, as I am greatly concerned in the attempt. You must know, sir, that I am landlady of one of the most noted inns on the road to Scotland, and have seldom less than eight or ten couples a-week, who go down rapturous lovers, and return man and wife.

If there be in this world an agreeable situation, it must be that, in which a young couple find themselves, when just let loose from confinement, and whirling off to the Land of Promise. When the post-chaise is driving off, and the blinds are drawn up, sure nothing can equal it. And yet, I do not know how, what with the fears of being pursued, or the wishes for greater happiness, not one of my customers but seems gloomy and out of temper, The gentlemen are all sullen, and the ladies discontented.

But if it be so going down, how is it with them coming back? Having been for a fortnight together, they are then mighty good company, to be sure. It is then the young lady's indiscretion stares her in the face, and the gentleman himself finds that much is to be done before the money comes in.

For my own part, sir, I was married in the usual way; all my friends were at the wedding. I was conducted with great ceremony from the table to the bed: and I do not find that it any ways diminished my happiness with my husband, while, poor man, he continued with me. For my part I am entirely for doing things in the old family way: I hate your new-fashioned manners, and never loved an outlandish marriage in my life.

As I have had numbers call at my house, you may be sure I was not idle in enquiring who they were, and how they did in the world after they left me. I cannot say that I ever heard much good come of them; and of an history of twenty-five, that I noted down in my leger, I do not know a single couple that would not have been full as happy if they had gone the plain way to work, and asked the consent of their parents. To convince you of it, I will mention the names of a few, and refer the rest to some fitter opportunity.

Imprimis, Miss Jenny Hastings went down to Scotland with a taylor, who to be sure for a taylor was a very agreeable sort of a man. But I do not know how, he did not take proper measure of the young lady's disposition: they quarrelled at my house on their return; so she left him for a cornet of dragoons, and he went back to his shop-board.

Miss Rachel Runfort went off with a grenadier. They spent all their money going down; so that he carried her down in a post-chaise, and coming back she helped to carry his knapsack.

Miss Racket went down with her lover in their own phaeton; but upon their return, being very fond of driving, she would be every now and then for holding the whip. This bred a dispute; and before they were a fortnight together, she felt that he could exercise the whip on somebody else besides the horses.

Miss Meekly, though all compliance to the will of her lover, could never reconcile him to the change of his situation. It seems, he married her supposing she had a large fortune; but being deceived in their expectations, they parted: and they now keep separate garrets in Rosemary-lane.

The next couple of whom I have any account actually lived together in great harmony and uncloying kindness for no less than a month; but the lady, who was a little in years, having parted with her fortune to her dearest life, he left her to make love to that better part of her which he valued more.

The next pair consisted of an Irish fortune-hunter, and one of the prettiest modestest ladies that ever my eyes beheld. As he was a well-looking gentleman all drest in lace, and as she seemed very fond of him, I thought they were blest for life. Yet I was quickly mistaken. The lady was no better than a common woman of the town, and he was no better than a sharper; so they agreed upon a mutual divorce: he now dresses at the York Ball, and she is in keeping by the member for our Borough in Parliament.

In this manner, we see that all those marriages, in which there is interest on one side

and disobedience on the other, are not likely to promise a long harvest of delights. If our fortune-hunting gentlemen would but speak out, the young lady, instead of a lover, would often find a sneaking rogue, that only wanted the lady's purse, and not her heart. For my own part, I never saw any thing but design and falsehood in every one of them; and my blood has boiled in my veins, when I saw a young fellow of twenty kneeling at the feet of a twenty-thousand-pounder, professing his passion while he was taking aim at her money. I do not deny but there may be love in a Scotch marriage, but it is generally all on one side.

For the Port Folio.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

[In this department of the Port Folio the Editor, with scarcely an exception, has employed his own pen. The ensuing article, however, is the production of a correspondent, and we insert it with pleasure, because, though our opinion of the German Drama is unchangeable, we believe that Mr. Dunlap in translating Kotzebue has not willingly exhibited what is hostile to pure morals or good taste. Mr. Dunlap has not confined himself to the task of translating, but has occasionally soared on a stronger pinion, and respired the *cælum empyræum* of Invention. From his situation as a man of letters, a man of misfortunes, and one of the earliest votaries of the Dramatic Muse in America, his works will not only solicit, but deserve, the regard of all, who value themselves upon their zeal for the productions of Domestic Literature.]

Mr. William Dunlap of New York proposes to publish his Dramatic Works in our city. As he is the first American who has written in this department of literature, our national feelings are not a little interested in his success. The writer of this article having perused some of his manuscripts, and having enjoyed his friendship, has acquired a right to call upon the patronage of that class of readers who have the talent to discern, and the liberality to reward, the labours of an author. Mr. Dunlap's collection will be comprised in ten volumes. Some of his plays are translated from German writers, and others are original. His versions will not be degraded by comparison with those which have been made in England. They are equal in elegance of language, and generally superior in fidelity to the author. Of his originals the writer of this article has only seen, "The Father of an Only Child;" and if it be a fair specimen of his talents, an American need not blush for this home-production. The plot is skilfully and ingeniously unravelled, the diction is clear and correct, and the sentiments are derived from the purest schools of morality and politics.

The first volume will soon be published, and a more regular criticism may then be attempted. Meanwhile, the writer will express his sanguine hope that this author may not be added to the long list of neglected merit, and his works be enrolled in the catalogue of those which have perished from the penury of patronage. There are many writers in this country, emulous of the wreath of fame; and were they properly aided in their exertions, our literary character would be established in a much higher rank than it is now placed.

VARIETY.

Variety is charming,
Constancy is not for me;
So, ladies, you have warning.

OLD BALLAD.

THE FLINT AND THE STEEL.

From Belfour.

Nature and art should help each other;
As father, son; as sister, brother;
Genius from wisdom aid requires,
To guide his pen, and fan his fires;
And science pleases most, when join'd
With polish'd manners, taste refin'd.—
Thus wit and judgment were by heav'n
Each for the other's succour giv'n;
And long together, void of strife,
Should ever dwell, like man and wife.
Who then the world would fain delight,
With genius learning should unite;
For fancy often fails to gain
What she with knowledge might attain.
Of pride and insolence possest,
An angry Flint a Steel address:
"How comes it, sir, without my aid,
That thou a useless thing art made?
For though fair Betty's hand with skill
Strike me against thy ribs at will,
From me alone, to check her ire,
Proceeds the spark that kindles fire.
But not to this my pow'rs confin'd;
I please the eager sportsman's mind,
As through his tube, with deadly aim,
I speed the shot that kills the game;
While thou, forsooth, canst nought produce,
That tends to toiling mortals' use."
Awhile the Steel, with inward pain,
Allow'd his comrade to complain;
But, urg'd to speak, he coolly said,
"Since useless you conceive me made
(No malice bearing at my heart),
Suppose we live awhile apart;
My wishes to the act incline—
You take your course—and I'll take mine."
Enrag'd, the Flint approv'd the deed:
And lo! to part they straight agreed.
But, what will not experience prove!
The Flint soon found in vain he strove
To charm alone his sporting friend;
So deem'd his triumph at an end.

And Betty, who no flame could raise,
No more was noisy in his praise.
Thus, conscious of his fault, he mourn'd,
And to his injur'd mate return'd,
Whom he discover'd on a shelf,
As much neglected as himself;
And, having there confess'd with shame,
How greatly they were both to blame,
They quell'd their broils with ready art,
And swore they never more would part.

It is but seldom that the Muses of the North sing more sweetly than in the following strain:

SONG FROM THE GERMAN.

Scarce sixteen summers had I seen,
And rov'd my native bow'rs;
Nor stray'd my thoughts beyond the green,
Bedew'd with shrubs and flow'rs.

When late a stranger-youth appear'd;
I neither wish'd nor sought him;
He came, but whence I never heard,
And spake what love had taught him.

His hair in graceful ringlets play'd,
All eyes are charm'd, that view them,
And o'er his comely shoulders stray'd,
Where wanton zephyrs blew them.

His speaking eye of azure hue
Seem'd ever softly suing,
And such an eye, so clear and blue,
Ne'er shone for maid's undoing.

His face was fair, his cheek was red,
With blushes ever burning;
And all he spoke was deftly said,
Though far beyond my learning.

Where'er I stray'd, the youth was nigh,
His look soft sorrows speaking;
Sweet maid! he'd say, then gaze and sigh,
As if his heart were breaking.

And once, as low his head he hung,
I fain would ask the meaning;
When round my neck his arms he flung,
Soft tears his grief explaining.

Such freedom ne'er was ta'en till now,
And now 'twas unoffending;
Shame spread my cheek with ruddy glow,
My eyes kept downward bending.

Nor aught I spoke, my looks he read,
As if with anger burning;
No—not one word—away he sped,
Ah! would he were returning!

Elegy on the death of the Scotch Poet, Robert Burns, by William Roscoe, Esq.

REAR high thy bleak majestic hills,
Thy sheltered valleys proudly spread:
And, Scotia, pour thy thousand rills—
And wave thy heaths with blossoms red;
But, ah! what Poet now shall tread
Thy airy heights, thy woodland reign,
Since He, the sweetest bard, is dead,
That ever breathed the soothing strain!

As green the tow'ring pines may grow,
As clear thy streams may speed along,
As bright thy summers suns may glow,
And wake again thy feath'ry throng;
But now unheeded is the song,
And dull and lifeless all around:
For his wild harp lies all unstrung—
And cold the hand that wak'd its sound!

What tho' thy vigorous offspring rise,
In arts, in arms, thy sons excel;
Tho' beauty in thy daughters' eyes,
And health in every feature dwell:
Yet who shall now their praises tell
In strains impassion'd, fond and free,
Since he no more the song shall swell
To Love, and Liberty, and thee?

With step-dame eye, and frown severe,
His hapless youth why didst thou view;
For all thy joys to him were dear,
And all his vows to them were due:
Nor greater bliss his bosom knew,
In opening youth's delightful prime,
Than when thy fav'ring ear he drew
To listen to his chaunted rhyme.

Thy lonely waste and frowning skies
To him were all with rapture fraught;
He heard with joy the tempest rise
That waked him to sublimer thought;
And oft the winding dells he sought,
Where wild flowers pour'd their rare perfume,
And, with sincere devotion, brought
To thee the summer's earliest bloom.

But, ah, no fond maternal smile
His unprotected youth enjoy'd;
His limbs inur'd to early toil,
His days with early hardships tried!
And, more to mark the gloomy void,
And bid him feel his misery,
Before his infant eyes would glide
Day dreams of immortality!

Yet, not by cold neglect deprest,
With sinewy arm he turned the soil,
Sunk with the evening sun to rest,
And met at morn his earliest smile!
Wak'd by his rustic pipe, meanwhile,
The power of fancy came along,
And sooth'd his lengthen'd hours of toil,
With native wit, and sprightly song!

Ah, days of bliss! too swiftly fled,
When vigorous health and labour springs,
And bland contentment smooths the bed,
And sleep his ready opiate brings;
And hov'ring round on airy wings,
Float the light forms of young Desire,
That of unutterable things
The soft and shadowy hope inspire!

Now spells of mightier power prepare—
Bid brighter phantoms round him dance;
Let Flattery spread her viewless snare,
And Fame attract his vagrant glance;
Let sprightly Pleasure too advance,
Unveil'd her eyes, unclasp'd her zone;
'Till, lost in love's delirious trance,
He scorns the joys his youth has known!

Let Friendship pour her brightest blaze,
  Expanding all the bloom of soul;
And Mirth concentre all her rays,
  And point them from the sparkling bowl;
And let the careless moments roll
  In social pleasure unconfin'd;
And Confidence, that spurns control,
  Unlock the inmost springs of mind!

And lead his steps those bow'rs among,
  Where elegance with splendor vies,
Or Science bids her favour'd throng
  To more refin'd sensations rise;
Beyond the peasant's humble joys,
  And freed from each laborious strife,
There let him learn the bliss to prize
  That waits the sons of polish'd life!

Then, whilst his throbbing veins beat high
  With every impulse of delight,
Dash from his lips the cup of joy—
  And shroud the scene in shades of night!
Then let Despair, with wizard-light,
  Disclose the yawning gulf below,
And pour incessant on his sight
  Her spectred ills and shapes of woe!

And shew, beneath a cheerless shed,
  With sorrowing heart and streaming eyes,
In silent grief where droops her head—
  The partner of his early joys!
And let his infant's tender cries
  His fond paternal succour claim,
And bid him hear, in agonies,
  A husband and a father's name!

'Tis done—the powerful charm succeeds,
  His high reluctant spirit bends;
In bitterness of soul, he bleeds,
  No longer with his fate contends!
An ideot laugh the welkin rends,
  As Genius thus degraded lies,
'Till pitying Heav'n the veil extends
  That shrouds the poet's ardent eyes!

Rear high thy bleak majestic hills,
  Thy sheltered valleys proudly spread:
And, SCOTIA, pour thy thousand rills,
  And wave thy heaths with blossoms red!
But never more shall poet tread
  Thy airy heights, thy woodland reign,
Since He, the sweetest bard is dead
  That ever breath'd the soothing strain!

SONNET TO A GOOSE.

If thou didst feed on western plains of yore,
  Or waddle wide, with flat and flabby feet,
Over some Cambrian mountain's plashy moor;
  Or find in farmer's yard a safe retreat
  From gipsey thieves, and foxes sly and fleet;
If thy grey quills, by lawyer guided, trace
Deeds big with ruin to some wretched race,
  Or love-sick poet's sonnet, sad and sweet,
  Wailing the rigour of some lady fair;
Or of the drudge of house-maid's daily toil,
Cobwebs and dust thy pinions white besoil,
  Departed goose! I neither know nor care:
But this I know, that thou wast very fine,
Season'd with sage, and onions, and Port-wine.

A Parisian buck wears a starched square of gauze, instead of a muslin neckcloth; thus his cravat is starched, the two ends of his shirt, that ascend on his cheeks, are starched, the frill is starched, and all, except the *petit-maître*, for whom also the *laisse-aller* and indifferent manners are as requisite as the stiffness of his neck-handkerchief.

A lounger, in his new-fashioned buggy, resembles a Triton, or Sea-God in his car. The lady at his side, with her shoulders uncovered, her hair hanging over them, and one end of her shawl flying in the air, resembles Venus, who was said to be born *almost* naked; and the *belle* and *beau* drive as fast as the wind, and it may be justly said that Boreas delights in assisting their gondola.

AN ANIMATED PICTURE.

Woman is a very nice and very complicated machine. Her springs are infinitely delicate, and differ from those of man pretty nearly as the work of a repeating-watch does from that of a town-clock. Look at her; how delicately formed! Examine her senses; how exquisite and nice! Observe her understanding; how subtle and acute! But look into her heart; there is the watch-work, composed of parts so minute in themselves, and so wonderfully combined, that they must be seen by a microscopic eye, to be clearly apprehended.

The perception of a woman is as quick as lightning. Her penetration is intuition; I had almost said instinct. By a glance of her eye she shall draw a deep and just conclusion. Ask her how she formed it: she cannot answer the question. The philosopher deduces inferences; and his inferences shall be right: but he gets to the head of the staircase, if I may say so, by slow degrees, and mounting step by step. She arrives at the top of the staircase as well as he: but whether she leaped or flew there, is more than she knows herself.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I send you the following translation, or rather imitation (for I have not adhered literally to the original) of the 9th ode of Horace. Should it obtain your approbation, I may be induced occasionally to spend a leisure hour in making similar versions of the same poet.

Yours, &c.

VALERIUS.

ODE IX.

" Vides ut alta stet nive candidum
" Soracte." HOR.

Ah! see my friend, how white with falling snow
The "cloud-capt mountain" tow'rs above the plain;
See where the lazy stream has ceas'd to flow,
Fast bound in frozen Winter's icy chain.

Oppress'd with weight the bending forests groan;
In rattling volleys pours the driving hail;
And thro' the leafless grove, with sullen moan,
On eddying pinions sweeps the furious gale.

Now while the raging storm obscures the sky,
And nature mourns her blooming honors waste;
While swift the tim'rous herds for shelter fly,
And happy peasants to the hamlet haste;

In joyous mirth the circling hours we'll pass;
Nor rail at fortune, nor at fate repine;
With rich Falernian fill the sparkling glass,
And chaunt to Bacchus as we quaff the wine.

In ruddy flames while heaps of fuel blaze,
Let not keen winter freeze the mantling blood;
But wake the slumbering lyre to beauty's praise,
And take with grateful heart the offer'd good.

What tho' the tempest sweeps the swelling deep,
And fearful sailors shrink with chilling dread;
Soon shall the stormy winds be hush'd in sleep,
And not a willow wave its verdant head.

Let not to-morrow's cares your mind annoy,
Nor fancied ills disturb your anxious breast;
So shall you gladly taste the present joy,
Nor sour misfortune e'er your peace molest.

Now, while you yet enjoy youth's golden prime.
Weave the gay dance—swell high the festive song;
For nought can stay the fleeting foot of time,
Nor human care our measur'd date prolong.

When evening's friendly gloom enwraps the sky,
Haste with impatient steps the Fair to meet;
And while love dances in her beaming eye,
In amorous whispers all your vows repeat.

Fear not to pass the hours in sportive play;
Mid troops of damsels innocently gay.
From the sly corner, where she lies conceal'd,
Draw forth the titt'ring maid, by her own laugh reveal'd.

Then snatch the bracelet from her yielding arm,
While she, her joy dissembling, feigns alarm:
Or from her tap'ring finger, feebly closed,
Wrest thou the glitt'ring ring, "for theft dispos'd."

VALERIUS.

For the Port Folio.

[The following stanzas, in the Scottish dialect, were written by a friend who is a native of the country which gave birth to the celebrated BURNS; and, if we are not mistaken, they partake, in no mean degree, of the pathos and simplicity which characterise some of his sweetest productions.]

TO THE BLACK-BIRD, IN WINTER.

Poor bird! my heart is truly wae,
Forlorn to see thee wand'rin' sae,
Whar ilka things thy mortal fae,
E'en heav'n's vicegerent—
Unfeelin' man—he waits to slay
Thee like a tyrant.

Aft times, whan e'enin' frae her den
Staw safely up the dewy glen,
I've seen thee far frae treach'rous men
Thy sonnet singin',
While loud resoundin' to thy strain
The groves war ringin'.

But ah! the times are sadly chang'd;
The leafy forest whar thou rang'd
Clean bare by gurly winter scraing'd,
Nae bield it yie'ls
An' hunger maks thee quite estraing'd
To open fiel's.

In hoary mist wi' biting breath
Stern winter reigns in gloomy wrath;
Tho' calm the air, yet fraught wi' death,
It brings starvation,
An' thou maun seek, to scape the scaith,
Som' ither station.

Alas! before the cottage door
In humble mood thou's fain to cow'r;
Tho' bawdrons crouching to devour,
An' riddle traps,
Await thee still, thou looks them o'er
For antrin scraps.

Yet ah! in this thou's no thy lane:
Thy fate is aft the fate o' men,
Wha, in their actions fair an' plain,
Nae guile expect,
Till driv'n on knaves quite unforeseen
They're fairly wreckt.

Happy thy fate compar'd wi' their's!
Returnin' spring shall end thy cares,
But ah! nae changin' time repairs
The broken heart;
Still weepin' recollection tears
Wi' double smart.

MASONIC ODE.

BY THE REV. T. M. HARRIS.

EVENING.

[Tune—"*Beattie's Hermit.*"]

The sun has declin'd, and the shadows of night
Far on to the westward extend now their sway:
The world is in darkness, but we are in light
More resplendent than that which illumin'd the day.

Thus, favour'd of God, those in *Goshen* who dwelt,
Had light in their dwellings, and light in their mind,
While o'er *Egypt* was darkness which might have been felt,
From nature obscur'd and from intellect blind.

As the children of light, then, we still should pursue
Whatever is worthy, and virtuous, and wise,
And prove that, as Masons, accepted and true,
Our business on earth is to fit for the skies.

And oh, like the Sun, may we shine in our sphere,
In diffusive and cheering effulgence around,
Till the shadows of ignorance all disappear,
And through the wide world love and virtue abound!

In the labours of love and of peace we unite,
And engage in support of Religion and Laws;
And here, in the *Sanctum Sanctorum*, we plight
Our hands and our hearts in defence of the cause.

Peace, peace to the world, is the wish of our hearts,
Its tumults and wars we sincerely deplore:
We seek the extension of Science and Arts,
And all that makes man love his brother-man more.

For the Port Folio.

[The following eminently beautiful stanzas which appeared without a signature shortly after the event to which they refer, we now present to our readers with alterations by the author. They are throughout descriptive and sublime—the closing figure is bold and original, and the republication of the ode will we think contribute to render perpetual the memory of an event which has deprived America of a HERO, and the world of a MAN.]

ODE.

(*Written after witnessing the funeral obsequies of General Hamilton.*)

Hark! how the passing bell
Heaves to the gale its sullen swell!
And, lo! in sorrow's pomp array'd,
To the dull beat of death,
The slowly-moving cavalcade!
The half suspended breath
Scarce frees the struggling sigh,
And hallow'd tears bedew mute beauty's eye.

Now, o'er the mansions of the dead
With slowly-solemn, measur'd tread,
Around their slumb'ring HERO drawn,
The silent soldiers print the lawn.
Now the long blaze
Arrests the gaze!
The hollow vaults resound!
The blazing sky,
The thund'ring ground,
The piercing eye,
More eloquent than pity's flow,
Proclaim the soldier's *manly* woe.
High o'er the scene the curling cloud aspires:
Fraught with a nation's fervid sighs,
The mighty incense seeks the skies,
And tells astonish'd worlds a HAMILTON expires.

LODINUS.

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